

Arlington Advocate.



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CHARLES S. PARKER, Editor.

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Asking.
He stole from my bodice a rose;
My cheek was its color the while;
But ah, the sly rogue! he well knows,
Had he asked it, I must have said so.
He snatched it from my lips a soft kiss;
I tried at a frown—'twas a smile;
For, ah, the sly rogue! he knows this,
Had he asked it, I must have said so.
That "asking" in love's a mistake;
It puts one in mind to refuse;
Tis best not to ask, but to take;
For it saves one the need to say so.
Yet, stay—this is folly I've said;
Some things should be asked if desired;
My rogue hopes my promise to wed;
When he asks me I will not say so.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Showing How an Old Salt Found a Wife When He Least Expected One.

One of the puzzlingest things I know on for a stranger is the way they have in England of naming their streets. You get into the street you want, and before you've gone a dozen blocks you find it's changed its name and you're in an entirely different street. Thus one and the same street will sometimes have three or four different names before you've gone the whole length of it.

I mind a funny blunder I made once in consequence of this, though, after all, it turned out all right, just as if I'd kept my right reckoning.
When I used for to be goin' reglar into the Liverpool packets, out of one ship and into another, it so happened that I come for to be shipmates with a chap as was called Dick Ostrom, three or four voyages one after another, and we got for to be chums like.

Dick were one of those steady chaps; didn't never go onto no spree, always boarded to the sailor's home when he were in New York, and went to church Sundays. Dick were a pretty good sort of a chap and a tip-top sailorman as well, and so we got to be chummies, turnin' in and out together at sea, and wearin' each other's dunnage. The both of us come in the John R. Skiddy, and then both shipped agin in the New World.

I expect Dick were the bashfullest chap along of wimmin that ever stood on two legs. Sailors ain't given much that way, sir, and it were a wonder, seein' as he'd been so long in that trade, that he hadn't a got over it, but you see he never went round like the rest of us, and would turn the color of red buntin' if any of the gals at the boardin' house said anythin' to him, and that was the way they come for to call him "Bashful Dick."

Soon as supper were over Dick would top his boom and sail barge and none of us know'd where he went to, and we supposed he either went aboard or else to some gospel shop to hear a bit of preachin', anyway his way weren't our way, and we didn't trouble ourselves about it.

While we was in Liverpool that time in the New World, we set the riggin' up fore and aft, and me and Dick was up in the foretop one day—Saturday it were—a seizin' off the topmast riggin', when all of a sudden Dick says to me: "Tom, I've an idee of gittin' spiced."

"Well, if he's a told me he'd an idee of jumpin' out of that top, I wouldn't have been more astonished. "All right, my lad," says I, "if so be as you gits the right kind of a lass. You'd better be sure she's seaworthy afore you ships."

"She's too good for me, I'm af'ared," says Dick.
"That I'm sure she ain't," says I.
"Where does she hail from and how on earth did you ever come athwart her hawse?"

"She lives here," says Dick, "and I've been cruisin' off and on in her wake for a couple of years or so, and I've been a savin' up till I've got \$500 in the bank at home, and that's enough I think for to git spiced on."

"Five hundred dollars," says I; "why, it's a fortune, it's more than ever I had in my life at one time, and I've been spiced for years. When is it to come off, if it'll be any help to you, I can give you the mark and number of the chap as applied me, and he's a man as will do the job best and cheap."

"Well, as to that," says Dick, "I ain't said nothin' to her about it as yet. I thought I would let it slide in the Skiddy, but every time I went there somethin' turned up, and I couldn't jist git it to it, and since I've been here this time I've gone there lots of times determinin' to say somethin' about it, but the fact is, Tom, I can't do it, and there's the truth about it. You've seen me in many a gale of wind, and you know that where any man can go I can go, and that I ain't lost at anythin' them times; but alongside of a woman, Tom, I've nothin' but a baby. Not but what I can take care of one, Tom, if I'm once spiced to her, and she needn't be feared of wantin' for anythin' so long as I have my health; but it's jist as I tell you, Tom, when I comes to the point of speakin' about it, I always think I'll wait till next time."

"Well, I thought the thing over a while, and then I says: 'Dick, my flower; it's clear that you can't do this thing by yourself, and as you and I have been shipmates for so long, I don't mind lendin' you a hand in this here business, provided when I see the craft, I judges her all right. To-morrow is a Sunday, and to-morrow afternoon I'll rig up, and you shall give me her mark and number, and I'll go up and see her and fix this thing for you in a jiffy. You see havin' been one or two years to learn myself, I can do it as easy as jumpin' overboard.'"

"Tom," says Dick, "this here were jist what I were a goin' for to ask you to do for me."

Well, sir, next mornin' arter we'd washed the decks and had breakfast, I went over in Waterloo road, and paid threepence for a shore-shave, and then I puts on a pair of blue cloth pants and a white shirt, and I borrowed a red plush vest from a chap named Billy Small, and put Dick's frock coat over that, and with a high hat which I borrowed from the third mate, I jist looked equal to anythin'.

The sailin' directions I got from Dick were to stand up Mortimer street to the head of it, where it is crossed by Rincon street, turn round Rincon street, go about three blocks to No. 65, and ask for Mrs. Lee. Well, I kept my reckonin' all straight till I come to Rincon street, and then it struck me that Dick hadn't said which way to turn; but rememberin' that the rule of the road were always for to port your helm, I sheers around to the right at a venture, thinkin' I'd soon git a true departure by the numbers.

For the first block there weren't no numbers; there were a vacant place, and a factory, and what not, but when I come to No. 25 on the next block, I were glad I had made a lucky land-fall, and were sure I were right. Of course then all I had for to do were to follow along till I got to No. 65. It were a nice little two-story brick house, and as I jinged the bell I couldn't help wonderin' how ever Dick had fetched up in such moorin's as these. There were a nice little lass opened the door, and when I asked her if Mrs. Lee were at home, she said she were, and asked me to walk in.

"What name shall I say?" says she, as I went into a snug little parlor on the right of the hall.
"Well, miss," says I, "as she don't know me, the name don't matter; tell her it's a friend from a perticular friend, as would like to see her on important business."

"Yes, sir," says she, and I thought to myself if the mistress is as nice as the maid, I don't wonder at Dick, and then I thought of what I'd promised old Neptune the first time I crossed the line, "never to kiss the maid if I could kiss the mistress, unless I liked the maid the best," and wondered if I should like the mistress as well as I did the maid.

Presently there come into the room as neat a little craft as one would wish to meet in a day's sail. Fine figurehead, good smooth bow, able body, and clean run, all shipshape and Bristol fashion fore and aft.

"Did you wish to see me?" she said, and I didn't wonder at Dick gittin' in the doldrums, for I weren't much better myself. You see I thought it would be a easy thing for to do, but now that it had got to be done I didn't hardly know what to say.

"The fact is, marm," says I, a-standin' up before her, and I wished I were a hundred miles away. "Dick Ostrom, whom I s'pose you know well, is a chum of mine, me and him havin' now been shipmates off and on for over a year, and put Dick, marm, to a weather earner in a gale of wind, and there ain't none better, as anybody'll say, as has ever been shipmates with him, but alongside of a woman, marm, as no doubt you have observed, Dick are as skeery as a colt, and so you see, marm, havin' long e'en a most worshipp'd ground you stand on, he never couldn't git his courage up to the stickin' p'int for to tell you so, and so I bein' his chum, volunteered for to come and let you know how the land lay, and that Dick, havin' saved up a good bit of money, were willin' for to be spiced, if so be as how it were agreeable to you, marm; and I wiped the sweat off my brow and were glad it were over."

Well, she looked kind of confused, and I seen that she weren't displeased, but she says: "I suppose I know the gentleman you speak of, havin' noticed him in meetin'."

"Oho," thinks I, there's were Dick come across this craft. "But," says she, "this is so sudden, so entirely unexpected, that really I am not prepared to say anythin'."

"He'll never come near you agin, marm," says I, "unless he thinks he has some little sight; may I tell him that he may come up and see you to-morrow night?"

"I shall be home to-morrow night," says she, "and of course I'm always glad for to see my friends."

"Talk enough, marm," says I, for I considered the business as good as settled; and I bid her good afternoon, she lettin' me out of the door herself.

Well, I goes down and sees Dick, and I says: "It's all right, old chap, and you're a mighty lucky fellow; all you've got to do is to haul alongside as soon as ever you like, and the widdler's yours, and she'll be expectin' you to-morrow night." But Dick were too much in a hurry to wait for the next night, and away he goes that same evenin' as happy as a young porpoise.

I turned in mayhap about ten o'clock that night, and were jist droppin' off to sleep when I were woke up by Dick. "I don't want to strike you in your bunk," says he, "but git up and put on your pants, and come out on deck, and we'll have this out here and now."

"Avast," says I, "there's some mistake here, and I ain't a-going to fight till I know what it's for, and anyhow I ain't a-going out on deck for to fight, 'cause the watchman will call a policeman and we'll both be flogged up in less than no time; so whatever's the trouble, I'll keep till mornin' and then if I've done anythin' agin you, we'll go down to the north shore, and fight it out pleasant."

"Some of the rest of the chaps had got waked up, and they took my part, and jist told Dick there mustn't be no fightin' there, and then he agreed for to put it off till mornin'." and then, says

he, "I'll learn you how to fight a shipmate."
Well, he goes out on deck as I heard him a walkin' there and waitin' and then I went out and I says, chummie, what's this all about?
Says he: "You never were a woman, and have made a fool of me."
"Avast!" says I, "who's a so?"
"She says so," says he.
"Then," says I, "with respect, and I'm sorry to say a nice creeter as she appears to be, she tells a thundersin' lie. I, Dick, for me and you to fight, I'll go up with you to fight, and if I don't convince you, don't never call me shipmate aint worth stoppin' out of turn in and take your rest."

Well, sir, next night we were in Mortimer street, instead of Rincon street, and when we got to the right year helm," says I, "that's the way."
"Yes it is," says he, "this here is Rincon street, 'other w' street."

"I don't care what you call it," says I, "this here's the way we went, and at No. 65 I found Mrs. Lee and a mighty nice body she is."

"That's Douglas's street," says he, "and you went all wrong, and so I went all right," says I, "and now we must go and explain to her how this mistake occurred."

Well, it were a long time afore I could git Dick to go, but last he did, and we was let in by the maid tidy little lass that had opened the door the day before. We didn't have to wait long afore the widdler come down, and if I thought her charmin' the day afore, you may jist believe me, sir, she were perfectly bewilderin' this evenin', with all her kites aloft, and every one of 'em pullin'.

I seen at once that she'd never sot eyes on Dick afore, so 'twas clear she had thought I come from some body else, so there were a blunder all round.

Of course, I had to be the spokesman, and I ups and I tells her the whole story, poor Dick sittin' here lookin' as sheepish as you please, and the comical side of it struck her so that she burst into laughter.

Well, she is staid on our havin' a glass of wine, and she told us she kind of cottoned to us, 'cause her first husband had been a sailor, havin' been mate of a ship out to Liverpool, and she said we must always come and see her whenever we come to Liverpool.

"Mind, now," says she to Dick as we was goin' aw, "when you come up the street don't," says turn to the left; come and see me sometimes."

Well, sir, the other Mrs. Lee kept a public house, but weren't it odd that both numbers should be 65? I went in the California trade arter I got back, and I weren't in Liverpool agin for near two years, but one day a goin' along old Hall street who should I meet but Dick Ostrom. Well, he were delighted to see me and insisted that I should go home with him and see his wife.

"I managed it arter all, old chap," says he, "and thanks to you." But when I got to his house and found that his wife was my Mrs. Lee, I thought he had much to be thankful for.

The Emblematic Eagle.
The Etruscans, says Appleton's "American Cyclopaedia," revised edition, were the first who adopted the eagle as the symbol of royal power, and bore its image as a standard at the head of their armies. From the time of Marius it was the principal emblem of the Roman republic, and the only standard of the legions. It was represented with outspread wings, and was usually of silver, till the time of Hadrian, who made it of gold. The double-headed eagle was in use among the Byzantine emperors, to indicate, it was said, their claim to the empire both of the East and the West; it was adopted by the fourteenth century by the German emperors, and afterward appeared on the arms of Russia. The arms of Prussia are distinguished by the black eagle, and those of Poland by the white. The white-headed eagle is the emblematic device of the United States of America, is the badge of the order of the Cincinnati, and is figured on coins. Napoleon adopted the eagle for the emblem of imperial France; it was not, however, represented in heraldic style, but in the natural form, with the thunderbolts of Jupiter. It was disused under the Bourbons, but was restored by a decree of Louis Napoleon (January 1, 1852).

Macaulay's Tribute to the Mother.
Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed on you by that gentle hand. Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts, a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love in those eyes, the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, and fond, dear, kind friends; but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which a mother bestows. Often do I sigh, in my struggles with the hard, unfeeling world, for the sweet, deep security I felt when, of an evening, nestling in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her 'evening voice.' Never can I forget her sweet glance cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Tears have passed since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

A FRENCH EPISODE.

A Chemist becomes Famous through a valuable Discovery and his wife a Having Maniac.

A Paris correspondent tells the following louching story: The sad case of the insanity of Mme. Le Duc, wife of the well known chemist who has achieved such a wonderful thing in diamonds, is attracting much attention. The story is as follows: M. Le Duc is a chemist whose hobby has been diamonds for years. He was in moderate circumstances, yet with a fair prospect before him when he married the daughter of a well known silk dealer. Shortly after the marriage M. Le Duc commenced experimenting on charcoal, believing that he could discover the secret of creating diamonds from it. He worked night and day on this hobby, and, of course, spent all the means he had and all he could borrow to carry on his experiments. His family more than once was in very straitened circumstances, and his father-in-law discovering that all the money he gave his daughter was handed over to her husband to continue the experiments, endeavored to induce her to leave him and return to her home. The chemist had imbued his wife with his strange infatuation and she would not leave.

M. Le Duc discovered after several years, what others had discovered before, the fallacy of his attempts, but he also made a discovery of no slight importance, that he could harden crystal to about the consistency of diamonds and plate these crystals with real diamonds. His process was similar to that of electrolyzing, the battery being used, and the diamond dust or diamond chippings from diamonds being used as copper is, the result being that the crystal was diamondized, if I may use the term. He made some of these mock diamonds, and taking them to a broker the chemist was delighted to find that his work was taken for the real jewel. M. Le Duc's father-in-law died a few years ago and his wife inherited some two hundred thousand francs. This she turned over to her husband willingly, and it was devoted to the laboratory. The poor woman was as fully carried away as the chemist, and her desire that he should succeed, with her fear of failure, and with failure that her children should suffer from poverty, worked seriously upon her mind. Of late she has evidently suffered much, but she kept her grief from her husband, and hoped for the best.

When the chemist finally succeeded in his scheme and turned out stones that even the brokers believed to be real diamonds, he rushed with the glad tidings to his wife. She partook of his joy, yet her mind had been so strained that the blow, joyous as it was, was too much for her, and she, after listening to the exclamations of her husband, broke out into an unnatural peal of laughter, which was followed by tears and cries. It was evident that she was insane; that she had suffered too much, and reason had deserted its throne. At times her mania was of a quiet kind, but often it was of the most violent description, bursting forth into terrible expressions of rage. On several occasions she attempted to take the life of her youngest child, declaring that all their property was gone and only poverty stared them in the face, and it became necessary to remove her to a private madhouse, where she is now confined, subject to the most terrible ravages.

Poor M. Le Duc! On the very day that he became famous in Paris has this terrible affliction befallen him.

She Knew the Women.
At one of the railroad depots in Detroit, the other day, a lady walked up to the ticket window and smilingly said: "I know just how women are, and I don't propose to bother any one. Answer me a few questions, and I'll sit down and say nothing to no one till you give me the answers. How far is it to Grand Rapids? What's the fare? When does the train leave? When do we arrive there? Where do they check baggage? Which track will the train start from? How can I get to Muskegon from Grand Rapids? How far is it? What's the fare? Do I change cars? Is there a palace coach on the road? Shall I get a lay-over ticket? Can I check my baggage clear through? Is there a conductor on this road named Smith? Do you allow dogs in the passenger cars? and can a child ten years old go for nothing?"

Having been answered, she kept her promise to sit still, and the depot policeman never had the least bit of trouble in seeing her off.—Free Press.

Thoughts for Saturday Night.
If you always live with those who are lame you will yourself learn to limp. He is alone who can accommodate himself to all the contingencies of life. Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures. We are never rendered so ridiculous by qualities we possess as by those we affect we have. The superiority of some men is merely local. They are great because their associations are little. To know a man, observe how he wins his object rather than how he loses it; for when we fall our pride supports us; when we succeed it betrays us. Don't bother your head about people who are going about trying to take away your character. Very likely it will do you good. Men are very often like a pair of boots—the more they are blackened the more they shine.

The Baby Show.

The Picton (Canada) Times perpetrates the following on the late baby shows:
Twenty-four babies all in a row.
Twenty-four daddies also on show.
Twenty-four daddies happy as clams.
A show of live babies, none of yonshams.
A vision of angels, dear little lambs.

Items of Interest.
Harrowing to the sole—pegs.
Board wages—Directors' fees.
To be great is to be misunderstood.
What men going down want—checks.
Headache is the name of a post-office in Michigan.
A barber's epitaph: He dyed and made no sign.
Contentment is said to be better than riches, but the latter is good enough for ye writer.
Ham is the name of a boy arrested in Hudson for stealing eggs. They usually go together.
If young ladies wish to get stout, they should eat their food slowly. Haste does not make waist in such cases.
First-class Chinese hotels have raised the price of board to twenty-eight cents per day, and tourists should make their arrangements accordingly.
Many a woman who is too feeble to peel a dozen potatoes for dinner will walk four miles past a rival's house to display a new dress, and prance back home like a three-year-old filly.
A shopkeeper in England calls himself "boxing glove maker to her majesty." It is only a few years since an old Edinburgh sign was taken down: "Breeches-maker to her majesty."

Two antique chairs, one formerly in the possession of Louis XVI., and the other brought from Venice in the seventeenth century, were sold at Boston a few days ago, the former for \$13.60 and the latter for \$17.50.
A panther rushed into a bedroom in a house a few miles from Willis, Tex., and carried off a baby in his mouth, but the twelve-year-old sister followed and screamed so lustily that the brute dropped the youngster only slightly injured.
A slab of quartz rock was recently shipped from the Greene mine, Nevada, containing more than two square feet, through which there was a streak about four inches wide that was nearly or quite one-half gold. The piece was estimated to be worth at least \$1,500.

A serious case of poisoning has occurred in Sheffield, Canada. A tin of Nova Scotia lobsters was opened on Saturday night, but they were not eaten until Monday night. The persons who ate of it—Joseph Butler, a cutler, and six members of his family—all shortly afterward became very ill, and three of them are in a critical condition.

The Sturgeon Bay (Wis.) Exporter says: A. J. Sibley has rigged him a boat with sails, decked it over forward, with comfortable quarters for his family, and is about to start for Florida or some other place. He is going to Green Bay up the Fox river and the canal to the Wisconsin river, down the Mississippi river, and through the Gulf of Mexico to Florida.

A St. Louis doctor wrote a prescription for a lady who was slightly ill, calling for "a syphon of carbolic acid," meaning a large syphon bottle of soda water. The intelligent druggist construed "carbolic acid" to mean "carbolic acid," and took "a syphon to be the Latin for "two ounces," and, acting on his conviction, burned a hole in the patient's stomach.

The smallest Bible in the world, just produced by the Oxford University Press, is printed on a tough India paper of extreme thinness and opacity, measures four and one-half inches by two and one-fourth inches, is one and one-half inches thick, and weighs, bound in limp morocco, less than three and one-half ounces. It can be sent through the British post for a penny.

The editor of the Alabama State Journal is now Sam Bard, and he wants it understood that his paper will admit no long contribution whatever, and personally abusive articles will be charged at the rate of \$100 per line. He states that he "has been connected with journalism, directly and indirectly, since 1845, and has learned at last what not to put in the columns of a newspaper."

The girl who sold wax flowers at Long Branch, and was ever searching for her "long lost father," like the unfortunate female in the play, has found him at last through the kindness of a gentleman at one of the hotels, who escorted her to the depot, where the "long lost father" stood waiting to receive "her stamps." The game, although very transparent, deceived a great many charitable people.

A new swindle is being played, is the central part of the State. A well-dressed man stops at a farmhouse and engages accommodation for a drove of sheep and a man who drives them. The sheep and drivers are to come along the next day. The pretended agent stops over night, has the best of the house affords, and slips off the next morning without paying his bill. The sheep and drivers never appear, of course.

It is claimed for the Dominion of Canada that it ranks third, at least, fourth—in importance among the shipowning countries of the world. The list of vessels exhibit a total of 6,380, measuring 1,258,383 tons. Of these 684 are steamers, 235 ships, 546 bark, twenty-five barkentine, sixty-two brig, 542 brigantine, 3,785 schooner, and 1,100 smaller vessels. Four hundred and ninety-six new vessels, measuring 190,756 tons, were built in 1874.

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ADVERTISING RATES.—Reading notices, 25 cts. a line; Special notices, 15 cts. a line; Religious notices, 10 cts. a line; Obituary notices, 10 cts. a line; Ordinary advertisements, 5 cts. a line.

The Arlington Advocate can be obtained at M. A. Richardson & Co., Mathew Rowe, and the Depot Master at Arlington Heights Station.

SURPRISE PARTY.—Just off the main road to Lexington, at the "Foot of the Rocks," stands the oval picture frame manufactory of Mr. Charles Schwamb, where, for twenty-five years, he has labored earnestly and successfully until from its first comparatively small beginnings the business has reached its present proportions, giving employment in good times, to thirty-five hands, who often cut up more than a thousand feet of black walnut lumber in a single day. These frames are cut, according to the different pattern-sizes, from a plain board, and are got out in four pieces. These pieces are doweled and glued together, and after passing through the planing mill to give them a uniform thickness, are passed to the turner, who fastens it to a form on his lathe, (one of those triumphs of mechanical skill, wonderful almost to witness), and with the usual tools used by all wood turners for making any plain round article, the oval frame is shaped to conform to any desired style of moulding. They are then carried to the finishing room, where they are varnished, polished, or otherwise finished, as desired.

For some years Mr. Schwamb has received valuable assistance in the business from his son, Carl W., and on the first day of October he received him into partnership, and the style of the firm will in the future be *Chas. Schwamb & Son*. The men in the establishment heard of the contemplated change, and last Friday evening, despite the unfavorable state of the weather, marched in a body to the residence of Mr. Schwamb, to congratulate the new firm. Mr. Schwamb was completely surprised, and could only offer a few words of welcome, but they were hearty, and the company were soon entirely at ease. About nine o'clock the company sat down to a fine supper, prepared by Mrs. S. and daughter, (who were evidently in the secret, and not much "surprised" at the visit,) which was heartily enjoyed. After supper the company engaged in speech making, singing, and other music, until about twelve o'clock, when they dispersed, with hearty wishes for the increasing success of the oval picture frame business in the hands of the new firm.

BASE BALL.—The Menotomy Base Ball Club last week disbanded for the season, and gave up their room in Upham's building. The practice and exercise they have enjoyed during the past season has been beneficial to all of them, and we hope that another year they will reorganize. They have played eighteen games, and have lost but four, making a total of 445 runs, against 190 runs of their opponents. Below we give the name, number of games played and number of runs of each member, which will doubtless be interesting to our readers:—

Player	Games	Runs
Hill	18	55
Crosby	17	51
J. Richardson	17	46
Swan	17	43
Russell	16	55
C. Richardson	16	39
Fessenden	14	35
Whittemore	11	35
Hornblower	11	31
Field	5	13
Sturges	5	11
Substitutes	11	35

CONNECTION.—In speaking of the presentation at the Highland House, last week, our reporter was misinformed as to who presented the trumpet. It should have read "Mr. Benjamin Hadley, of Charlestown, (not of East Lexington), brought the trumpet out, and Chief Engineer Hobbs presented it to the company." As our reporter was not present he could only give an account of the time as heard it from some of the members.

Any one at all skeptical as to the need of the contemplated change in the grade of the Avenue, between Linwood and Lake streets, can be convinced by visiting that locality during or just after any of our moderate rain falls. Last Tuesday the walk was in many places impassable.

REGIMENTAL RE-UNION.—The ninth annual re-union of the 39th Mass. Regt. was held in Woburn, last Wednesday, the other companies being the guests of Co. "K," formed originally entirely from residents of that town. The other companies were represented by 169 delegates, and "K" turned out 89 men. Maj.-Gen. G. K. Warren, their old corps commander, graced the occasion with his presence, and at the conclusion of the festivities all acknowledged this the best and most successful re-union of the regiment. The visiting comrades and guests arrived at Woburn at about 11 o'clock, and were received at Horn Pond station by Co. "K," and the "Woburn Mechanic Phalanx," and were speedily formed by companies. The route of procession was short, and before noon the Association was assembled in the "Phalanx" armory for the transaction of business. The following are the officers for the ensuing year:—

President, Col. E. J. Trull, "G"; **V. P.**, Sergt. Chas. Currier, "I"; **Secy.**, Chas. H. Porter, "A"; **Treas.**, Lyman Spooner, "I"; **Executive Committee**, A. L. Richardson, "K"; Geo. A. Barker, "D"; L. J. H. Eames, "C."

After the election of officers, it was unanimously voted to accept the invitation of Co. "I," of Natick, to hold the next annual meeting in that town.

One of the pleasantest features of the meeting was the presentation of an elegant solid gold corps badge to Gen. Warren, who more than any other, seems to hold the honor, respect and love of men. It was an elegant affair, costing over one hundred dollars. At 2 o'clock the company sat down to elegant spread tables in Lyceum Hall, and partook of a splendid dinner, furnished by the generosity of the citizens of the town. In response to the regular toasts, numerous excellent speeches were made, and at the conclusion of the dinner, the hall was cleared for the ball in the evening, which, like all the other arrangements, was a success. The entire programme was the best that could be arranged, and was carried out with splendid success. The day was raw and cold, but as there was no rain, little fault was found.

THE LECTURE.—Last Tuesday evening, Mrs. Mary A. Livermore delivered the first lecture of the "Bethel Lodge" course, in the Town Hall. The hall was well filled, the best audience we have seen this year—and the committee of arrangements acted as ushers. Mrs. Livermore was introduced by Mr. Norton, and proceeded at once with the consideration of her subject—"What shall we do with our daughters?" Mrs. Livermore has a fine voice, is of excellent presence, and as she speaks without note, is always very effective. The lecture abounded with sharp hits, and was full of sound common sense. We have not room for a lengthy report. Her idea was first to give our daughters physical health and strength by a radical change in the manner of dress—discarding corsets, and bearing the weight of the skirts upon the shoulders instead of the hips; to give them an object in life worth living and striving for, and fit them for the position God intended they should occupy—the companion and helpmate of man.

ANNUAL MEETING.—The Masonic Mutual Relief Association, of Middlesex County, held their annual meeting in the lodge room of Hiram Lodge, last Thursday evening. The following is list of officers chosen:—

President.—Geo. D. Tufts.
Vice-President.—J. W. Whitaker.
Secretary.—Thos. H. Wakefield.
Treasurer.—William Proctor.
Directors.—C. C. Sawyer, Wm. H. Pattee, Geo. D. Tufts, John Valle, E. A. Wadleigh, F. M. Mason, J. Winslow Pierce, J. F. Hobbs, E. O. Carter, Albert Bryant, C. B. Fessenden, S. D. Hicks, H. J. Crosby, J. W. Whitaker, Theo. G. Bucknam.

FOUND.—The body of Capt. Burbank, of Medford, drowned in Mystic River, last week, was recovered last Thursday.

THE NEW HAMPSHIRE TRAGEDY.—It is of no use to make comparisons between the numerous instances of shocking crimes with which the press has abounded of late, but there are evidently peculiar features of horror and of sadness about this last occurrence in New Hampshire, so fully reported in the dailies, which will be felt not only by every parent, but by every right-minded person in the community. It seems that there is safety nowhere, especially to those who most need protection and about whom centre the fondest pride and hopes. The country sections of New England where, within the memory of a large proportion of our people, crime was almost wholly unknown, and families were accustomed to retire for the night with unbolted doors, have now become almost as unsafe as—certainly no more exempt from the most terrible outrages—than the vilest quarters of our large cities. New Hampshire, in particular, has acquired an unenviable notoriety of late for these sad occurrences. The causes of the fact it would hardly be worth while to discuss at present, for there is no evi-

dence that it is anything more than accidental. The under-lying elements of crime are all about us; and it may be that communities and localities that have been hitherto exempt, and so inclined to pass a severe judgment upon the state of things in New Hampshire, may take their turn in becoming the theatre of startling events for the months to come.

It is better to consider how these atrocities may be averted and either lessened or brought to an end. It is no wonder that desperate remedies are sometimes suggested by such desperate evils, and we have heard it gravely maintained that our young girls as well as boys should be armed and taught the skillful use of weapons, in order that they may protect themselves when alone in exposed places. Before, however, we confess that New England is reduced to the condition of the most lawless frontier settlement, it would be advisable to try other measures. Parents should at least exercise the utmost caution in allowing their children, especially their daughters, to expose themselves in out-of-the-way places, or after dark. We all know that the immunity in this respect, which was once the rule is no longer, and good judgment should conform to the change. Still, the main object should be to attack and dispel this criminality itself—in all its sources and developments—which infests, curses and endangers the whole community. Every good citizen should lend his influence to the work. If the tramp nuisance is fruitful in breeding outrages, it must be put down, as it can be, if all our States will pass suitable laws, and the towns and cities will vigorously enforce them. If the punishment of criminals has been neglected, and the whole administration of justice has been lax, let the people demand a reform, and they will get it. The downward tendency has been acquiesced in long enough. The existing state of things is shameful, and even self-defence startles us to resolve that it shall continue no longer.—*Boston Journal*, Oct. 6.

[Correspondence.]
Our Chicago Letter.
CHICAGO, Oct. 1st, 1875.

MR. EDITOR.—Well, how's business in Chicago? Such would be the inquiry from one half of your readers if I were talking with them to-night, and my reply would be, *good*. The hotels are crowded to their fullest extent, and turning away guests every day. The "Palmer" turning away over 200 in one day, and many visitors are compelled to go to the hotels in the suburbs, five to fifteen miles out, for rooms at night. A gentleman, from Pittsburg, who was in our office on Wednesday, said he was intending to remain until Saturday, but could find no place to stop.

On Saturday, Sept. 25th, the Rock Island railroad did the largest day's work on outward freight that was ever done by the road, and all the other roads are crowded as never before.

Rumors say that Field & Leiter sold \$600,000 worth of goods last week, and the same house has sold more goods, at wholesale, last year here than did A. T. Stewart & Co., in New York, and further that Stewart & Co. are to start the wholesale dry goods business here, using a block on Wabash Avenue and Munroe street for their store, Potter Palmer being connected with him, and employing a capital of \$5,000,000. This last may, or may not, be true, but it is only a question of time, when Chicago will be the great wholesale business centre of this country; not the money centre, for that is New York; not the centre of learning and culture, for that belongs to Boston, but of business places, Chicago is to take the lead, and this conviction is strengthened by a second visit to St. Louis.

Coming from Chicago I seem to be in some quiet resting place. St. Louis was once the great grain mart of the West, but now the receipts at Chicago are nearly seven times the amount of those at St. Louis, and the same is true of nearly all kinds of produce. From this morning's St. Louis paper I take these figures: No. of cars of grain inspected in St. Louis yesterday, 126; and in same column of same paper, (Mureks by telegraph,) include report from Chicago. There I find—No. of cars of grain inspected yesterday, 890; and previous day's paper gives St. Louis 108 cars, and Chicago 715.

Compared with St. Louis, Chicago is a healthy city. The cold, disagreeable wind from the lake acts upon Chicago as a purifier, driving away malaria, and giving pure fresh air. Half of St. Louis seemingly is shaking to-night with chills and fever. So prevalent is this complaint here, that on Change today advertisements of a remarkable cure for this disease were scattered over the tables among the flour and grain samples.

Traders in the West are buying smaller stocks of goods at a time, making more frequent purchases, instead of twice a year laying in large stocks in anticipation of their wants, and they find they can do this cheaper in Chicago than to go to the seaboard. Your large houses in Eastern cities will establish agencies here, and then the next move will be to come with a full stock. Com-

petition for trade is so sharp that the seller must place himself in the buyer's way—must seek him out.

You will understand that the Rock Island railroad, mentioned above, runs West, and the outward freight is wholly general merchandise, no grain or other raw produce among it, but is exclusively traders' supplies.

The great Fair of the year for this South-western country will be held next week, on the ground about five miles from the centre of the city. Should I attend it I will give you a few notes from it.

A convention of "Biscuit manufacturers" is called to meet here on the 5th, and favorable responses are here at the "Southern" from noted men in the trade in Albany, New York, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, and many western points.

Weather mild and clear. A rain on Thursday night changed the three inches of dust to half the depth of mud. B.

[Correspondence.]
MR. EDITOR.—I see from letters and newspapers outside of our State that our new Consul at Stuttgart, Germany, the Hon. Joseph S. Potter, of Massachusetts, has made a very favorable impression upon American citizens, and thinking his many friends here might be interested, I send you a quotation from a letter dated, Baden Baden, and published in the *Newark, N. J., Daily Journal*.

Mr. Potter arrived at Stuttgart on the morning of the 4th of July, weary from his sea voyage and journey, and knowing nothing of any arrangements for celebrating the day by American residents and travelers. In four hours after his arrival he was called upon to preside and speak at a large banquet held in Exling. On the following day he presided at another, at the great "Hotel Marquardt," and the next day at still another social gathering in a beautiful suburban garden.

The writer says: "All accounts agree that Independence Day was observed in due and ancient form by the Americans in Stuttgart with a dash, a spirit, a whole-souled heartiness such as could nowhere be surpassed, if ever equalled, and it gives me pleasure to note that, according to the new American Consul, Mr. Potter, from Massachusetts, New Jersey bore the honors of the banquet in numbers, solidity and intelligence of the assemblage present. Indeed it would be only repeating Consul Potter to say that when he spoke of New Jersey, he meant Newark. It was he who presided at the banquet which took place in the *grand salle a manger*, or dining hall of the "Hotel Marquardt." All the New Yorkers I have named were present. Speeches were made by Consul J. S. Potter, Hon. David Dodd, Mr. McGregor, Mr. Wright and Mr. Jenkinson. As an evidence of the good habits of New Yorkers, and other Americans abroad, I may say that they rose from the banquet a few minutes after ten o'clock, being seated only three hours. The next day there was another celebration. Though entirely informal, it was nevertheless most delightful. After a sumptuous dinner at the hotel our party, now swollen to a pretty good size, took carriages and drove outside the town to a beautiful "summer garden," where we drank to the New Jersey and "the Birmingham of America," not only with our lips, but with our eyes, yes, and with our hearts. Consul Potter, who has just taken possession of the Stuttgart Consulate, superseding a very generous but rather thoughtless young man named Sammis, never ceased sounding the praises of New Jersey, and kept the faces of its representatives around him in a continual blush, so complimentary was he to them. Before I close let me redeem a promise to the New Jersey folks here, that I would not omit to say that they all say the new Consul to Stuttgart is a perfect gentleman, one they are sure who will do credit to the position."

[Correspondence.]
On the River Banks Waiting.
Not I, Mr. Editor. I can do better. I don't wait at all. I'm hurried,—work is plentiful in the kitchen, in the dining room, sitting room and parlor, and the chambers must be aired and put in order, a book must be read, a few touches of music, conversation, entertainment, etc. I know about this, because I meant to, for in my opinion, it is useful to me, and may be so to others sometimes, but about this I don't worry or wait a bit of time, nor for boats, oars, or placid waters, lilies and song; but I do watch the moments, and seize them I hope, to take up just what will contribute to my or others solid pleasures.

I wish Mrs. Livermore had said something about how to keep a house neat and orderly, cook well and make up a nice bed, and good bread. Well cooked food and thorough washings are solid virtues. I ain't very old, but my eyes tell me that all these little affairs keep the family contented, and make them *less to be at home*, and one hour at home, because you love it, will do more to fasten a good habit on boys and girls than a volume of "Essays on Reform." You may call me, until next I find a word to say.

SALLY.

POLICE COURT.—Judge Carter held a session of the Arlington Police Court, Friday morning, to pass judgment on two complaints against Mr. Chas. T. Steinhraus, charging him with assault on Patrick and John Ahearn, and also one of Mr. Steinhraus against them for malicious mischief. It grew out of a disgraceful disturbance in the Spy Pond House, last Sunday afternoon. These fellows broke open the bar room door, and created other disturbances, and Mr. S., with the help of a club, iron poker, and bottles, gave them a severe beating. He was adjudged guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$10 and costs in each case, and appealed. The Ahearn boys were also found guilty, and sentenced to pay a fine of \$5, and one-half the costs in each case.

An old physician, now a resident here, relates the following ludicrous incident: "Many years ago I visited a patient at the Alma-house, in a country town, and on entering the house found one of the inmates—a young, rattle-brained fellow, deprived of his liberty. Said I, 'John, what in the world are you chained up here for?' 'Well,' said John, 'the fact is, doctor, Mr. K—, the superintendent, had to go away to-day, and either he or I have to be here all the time to see to things.'"

We have often wondered, when looking at the sign in front of their building, why so enterprising a firm as W. L. Clark & Co., allowed it to remain in so shabby a condition, but on being informed that that has told its story for more than sixty years, being put up by the grandfather of the junior member of the present firm, our wonder ceased. The firm do well to regard, with pride, so tangible an evidence of prosperity for so many years.

LEG I ROKEN.—Mr. John Johnson, a Swede, in the employ of Mr. Jacob Schwamb, engaged in piling lumber in the hot room at Mr. C. Schwamb's, last Saturday forenoon, had the misfortune to be caught by a falling pile, and broke his right leg just above the ankle joint. The fracture was reduced by one of our town physicians, and afterwards the patient was conveyed to the Massachusetts General Hospital, at Boston.

We presume the campaign is now fairly opened, the prohibitionists and labor reformers having held their conventions this week, the former nominating Phillips and Bartlett, and the latter Gaston and Knight. This gives us four candidates for Governor, and two for the second position. Mr. Wendall Phillips every one knows. Mr. Baker is chairman of the Board of Selectmen of Beverly, and was formerly a State liquor commissioner.

A RELIC.—This week Mr. Jas. Boston has been making repairs on the old "Russell Tavern." On removing the plastering over the fire place, a large fresco, representing a military company, drawn up as if at a dress parade, was revealed. There is no date, but as the flag displayed has sixteen stripes and sixteen stars, it was probably executed early in the present century.

A GOOD TIME.—At the regular meeting of Bethel Lodge, I. O. of O. F., last Wednesday evening, the members were made happy by receiving large additions to their numbers from out of town lodges. A pleasant hour was spent in speech making, etc.

CAUCUS.—The adjourned caucus of the Democrats and Liberal Republicans will be held in Pattee's new hall, next Monday evening. The business will consist of the choice of delegates to the minor conventions, and the choice of a town committee, and should be fully attended.

GOOD WORK.—Messrs. L. C. Tyler & Co., in the Bank Building, are agents for Welch & Bruce's hand nailed (screw wire) boots and shoes, which are certainly the best goods of their class to be found in the market. They are elegant in style and finish, and nothing but the best stock is used in their manufacture.

THE DISTEMPER.—A disease, similar in character to that which made such havoc among horses and cattle two years ago, has made its appearance here, and many of the horses in the town are sick with it. At present, the symptoms are milder than formerly, but great care in treatment is necessary.

FANCY GOODS.—This week Messrs. C. H. Osborne & Co., druggists, corner Arlington Avenue and Medford street, have added to their already extensive stock, the newest and best assortment of fancy goods ever opened in town. Call in and examine for yourselves.

NEW HALL.—Mr. W. H. Pattee has just completed a new and very convenient hall, for dancing and other purposes, in his building. The "bread shop" is now being altered and fitted for a horse car depot.

The Sunday School concert at the Orthodox Congregational Church takes place to-morrow (Sunday) evening, at the usual hour. Mr. J. G. Jones, Superintendent of the North End Mission, Boston, will make an address.

PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF THE UNITED STATES.—There are in the United States more than seventy public libraries which contain over 25,000 volumes each. Of these, nine possess more than 100,000 volumes, seven more than 50,000 and less than 100,000, and seventeen more than 25,000 and less than 50,000. The largest collection is in the Congress Library, which has 261,000 volumes. The Public Library of Boston contains nearly the same number, and increases at the rate of 15,000 volumes a year. Harvard College has 200,000; the Astor and the Mercantile and the Library Company of Philadelphia, 105,000 and 101,000 respectively; the Athenaeum, of Boston, 103,000; and Yale College 100,000. The New York State Library, at Albany, has 67,500 volumes, not including the Law Library, which has 25,000. The Society Library of New York possesses 64,000 volumes; the Public, of Cincinnati, 63,000; the Peabody Institute, of Baltimore, 56,000; the Antiquarian Society, of Worcester, 55,000; and the Apprentices', of New York, and Dartmouth College, 50,000 each. Those which contain more than 35,000 are as follows: The Mercantile, of Brooklyn; Watkinson, of Hartford; Mercantile, of St. Louis; Cornell University; Historical Society, of New York; State, of Maryland; State, of Michigan; Public, of Chicago; State, of Ohio; Mercantile, of San Francisco; Surgeon-General's Office, at Washington; University, of Virginia; City, of Springfield; State, of Massachusetts; Public School, of St. Louis; Bowdoin College, and the Mercantile, of Cincinnati.—*Appleton's American Cyclopedia, Revised Edition.*

THE LIVE STOCK INTERESTS.—The *National Live Stock Journal* illustrates the importance of the interests which it represents by referring to the fact that in Chicago last year the aggregate shipments of live stock and dairy products amounted to \$115,750,000, while the shipments of all other farm products amounted to only \$81,650,000. The live stock, according to these figures, represented about one and a half times the value of everything else included under the general term of agricultural products. The *Live Stock Journal*, having thus established the importance of the live stock interests, proceeds to make complaint because accommodations are to be provided, at the Centennial Exposition, for only 700 head of cattle—a number which it considers altogether too meagre for a fair representation on the part of the country at large, as State exhibitions frequently elicit one-half or two-thirds as many. The *Country Gentleman* does not consider the complaint a just one; and believes that, taking into consideration the distances to be traveled and expenses to be incurred, together with the fact that great care will be taken in the selection of competing animals, it is not likely the entries will largely exceed the number mentioned. However this may be, we shall certainly have a better representation of our live stock interests by the exhibition of a limited number of the finest animals than by getting together a multitude of only average excellence. This sifting process is a good thing in this, as in many other matters.

His head was the shape and size of a Bullitt county watermelon, and he was so black that charcoal would make a light mark on him. The goat was asleep, leaning against the side of the house. The darkey was smoking a decayed cigar. He espied the goat, looked at the tip end of the cigar, grinned, then at the tail end of the goat, "grinned longer," looked all around to see that nobody was looking, and touched the tip end of the cigar to the tail end of that goat. The goat turned a hand-spring, and the negro opened his big mouth to laugh, but the goat butted him so quickly between the chin and his breeches pockets that his jaws came together, making a noise louder than the report of a gun. The negro's hat, boots, and cigar lay in a pile, ten feet off, while his body was curled up like a horseshoe in the mouth of a sewer opening. When he "came to" he looked round at each one in the crowd, and dispersed the crowd by saying: "Will some 'ob you gemmen' shoot me with a pistol? A nigger dast be a fool as I is don't deserve to be libin'."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

FINANCIAL NOSTRUMS.—Ex-Secretary McCulloch, in his last letter to the New York *Tribune*, discusses Mr. Kelley's scheme, which he demolishes in a few lines. He condenses the present situation into this paragraph:

"The United States is a magnificent country, whose people excel all others in elasticity and vigor, and can stand a large amount of bad legislation. They can live and to some extent be prosperous under laws that contravene the well-settled principles of finance and political economy, but is this a reason why they should not be promptly relieved of unnecessary burdens? A wise physician does not so deal with a patient struggling with a dangerous malady; he does not stop to consider whether a powerful constitution may not be able to bear up under the disease without assistance, but he at once applies the remedies which books and experience have taught him will counteract it, and most speedily restore his patient to health. The 'let alone' policy is not a wise one for the people of the United States to pursue in dealing with a vicious currency."

